

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.  
Daily and Sunday, \$2.00 per month.  
Daily and Sunday, \$5.00 per month.  
Daily, without Sunday, \$1.00 per month.  
Sunday, without daily, \$0.50 per month.

Subscription Rates by Mail.  
Daily and Sunday, \$2.00 per month.  
Daily and Sunday, \$5.00 per month.  
Daily, without Sunday, \$1.00 per month.  
Sunday, without daily, \$0.50 per month.

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All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Room Building.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

## "A Sad Smile" His Answer.

The head of Washington's Street-cleaning Department—how misleading some high-sounding names are!—was asked yesterday by our esteemed contemporary, the Star, "If he wouldn't be very glad to give some one else a chance to wrestle with the street-cleaning gang?" And his only answer was "a sad smile."

We are sorry for him—downright sorry. The fix he is in moves us to pity—exceeding pity. We marvel that he could answer with a smile—even a sad smile. In the parlance of the street (dirty or clean), he is "in bad"—in very bad. His job is too much for him—far too much. Mother Nature, to whom he pinned his faith, to whom the Street-cleaning (f) Department invariably pins its faith in an emergency, has failed to come to the rescue—failed signally.

But it is not the fault of this official with the sad smile. It is the fault of a system, antiquated and aggravating, that, from the time man's memory runs not to the contrary, has been eternally evolving plans that would not clean the streets, instead of applying common sense to the difficulties of the situation and cleaning the streets.

The shame of it all falls heavily upon the community. Conditions to-day existing are reprehensible in the extreme. They are an ugly blot upon the holiday season.

Since we must endure it, however, and bear the humiliation, not to mention the discomforts and more serious ills accompanying it, and since we acquit this official with the sad smile of responsibility in the premises, may we not ask to be spared further statements and explanations in extension of the fix the Capital has been allowed to get in? We know that there is a balance of \$4,500 of the snow and ice fund which cannot be touched; we know that if the cost of cleaning the streets exceeds by an infinitesimal fraction 15 cents a thousand square feet, there would be the deuce to pay, with this dirt-begrimed city heading forth to the demolition howls.

We've heard straw-splitting argument on that line until we are wearied to a frazzle. Let's hear no more of it. Even if it be all so, what comfort does it give? It does not clean the streets. The sad smile is the best answer—decidedly the best and most convincing answer.

Jim Smith, Jr., says that neither he nor Dr. Wilson is controlled by the interests. The doctor will admit the truth of at least half of that statement.

## One Hundred Years' Peace.

About the time that we expect the Panama Canal to be finished and opened, that is to say, in 1915, at which time it is proposed to hold a celebration of the event, there is another matter of international importance, at least as regards the Anglo-Saxon race—the celebration proposed by the American Peace Society in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

This event is, indeed, of world-wide significance. In all history there is no parallel. By the aid of modern invention, the Atlantic Ocean, once a gigantic obstacle, has been reduced to a mere channel, easy to cross; while at the same time, along 3,000 miles of our northern boundary line—an imaginary line, quite unfortified—we have lived at peace with our neighbors, having our friendly disputes, it is true, but meeting with no difficulties that we have not overcome by reason and argument.

Since the war of 1812 there has come a marked change in sentiment between the two Anglo-Saxon nations. The animosities of that time and of the previous bitter time of 1776 have been softened gradually and are dying or have died away. The bitterness with which we trained our children, even, to think of all things English is no longer in evidence. Indeed, it may be said that we have, on our side, come to see that in the disputes between us there was some wrong on both sides, though patriotism makes us know that, speaking largely, we fought for the right, and that the God of Battles was on our side.

The hundred years that have nearly passed have not been without their causes for dispute, for acrimonious feeling; and in that space there has been talk of possible war between us. But the sound common sense of both nations has worked to prevent any conflict but those of diplomacy and the arts of peace. On the other hand, there have been many occasions for us to display unusual friendship for each other, and through the years, in our literature, our arts, our theaters, our interchange of visitors, we have been drawing closer and closer to-

gether, understanding each other better; admiring more the good qualities in each other.

And the conditions that have held during this remarkable century seem more conspicuous, historically considered, when we contrast them with the same period in Europe. Over there there has not been ten years of unbroken peace. England has been at war with Russia; Russia with Turkey; Turkey with Greece; Italy has fought Austria; Germany has defeated France; and among the smaller principalities there has been almost constant fighting. And all this time the two great English-speaking nations, which dominate the thought and the trade of the entire world, have been at peace, and link by link have forged a chain of amity and concord a century strong, that it is almost unthinkable that anything, any set of circumstances, should combine to break.

We are too prone, perhaps, as a people, to make any and every anniversary a cause for a celebration, but there has never been a nobler cause than this proposed by the American Peace Society. The celebration of this centennial of peace would be an international event of vast importance; not only would it aid in cementing even yet closer the ties of blood and language and custom that bind us, but it would serve as a wonderful stimulus to the rest of the civilized world.

Few statesmen are as white as they are whitewashed.

## Ebullience of Sims.

It is not permitted to us to know the measure of flagrant violation of international comity which has been perpetrated by Commander W. S. Sims, U. S. N., the former naval aid of President Roosevelt, and now the commanding officer of the U. S. S. Minnesota, one of the battle ships of the Atlantic fleet, which has been visiting British waters. Commander Sims accompanied the enlisted men of the American naval command on the occasion of their entertainment at a banquet by the officials of the city of London at Guildhall on December 3. There were the inevitable speeches, which might have been impartedly described as feeble, were it not for the casual, if not careless, remark of Commander Sims, who is quoted as saying:

"I wish to express an opinion on this subject which is entirely personal, and it is this: If the time ever comes when the British empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, and every drop of blood of your kindred across the sea."

This would, ordinarily, have been recognized as a handsome testimonial to the British hosts, and certainly it was a generous assurance of support which could not fail to arouse enthusiastic appreciation on the part of the recipients.

But it so happens that the German newspapers have been making somewhat ugly comments on the failure of the American ships to visit German waters, although that section of Europe is well-nigh isolated in the winter season. It was only by chance, indeed, that the Atlantic fleet went to British waters instead of to the Mediterranean, so there really is no occasion for the Germans to get excited over the situation. A knowledge of this fact would probably not interfere with the German desire to make as much as possible out of the visit of the American ships to Great Britain, and it was unfortunate that the willingness to misconstrue the American purpose has been promoted by Commander Sims' assurance of the sympathy and aid of his countrymen in case of an attack upon England.

Of course, the request made by the Navy Department of Commander Sims for an explanation increases the importance of the Guildhall incident, and adds a significance to that officer's allusion which it might not otherwise have possessed.

So far as Commander Sims is concerned, he is able to refer to the authentic report of his speech wherein he stated expressly that his sentiment was an "entirely personal" opinion, to which he is entitled, although he might be expected by his superiors in Washington to exercise prudence in his public expression. Probably any international difficulties which may have been created by the speech of Commander Sims will be overcome by the reiteration that the opinion is an entirely personal one, and does not commit this nation to any awkward alliance at a critical juncture in the British-German situation; while any demands from Berlin will be satisfied by the usual rebuke of Sims and the departmental surprise that "an officer of his experience," and so forth—all in the usual language in which a government deplores the mistakes of its officers.

The entirely personal opinion of Commander Sims should not make a breach between the United States and Germany, and this government ought to be able to extricate itself with dignity from any perilous position in which a sensitive German press believes Commander Sims has placed his government.

Another sign of universal business education is the fact that Henry W. Sawyer, the theatrical manager, announces that after this year he will use no bill-board advertising, but rely on the real medium, the newspaper.

## The Army Canteen.

In spite of the fact that prohibition and local option seem to have made such strides within the last two years, there appears to be a growing sentiment in favor of re-establishing the canteen at army posts. Indeed, there is at present a bill before Congress looking to that very end. The present anti-canteen law is also severely criticized in the annual report of Maj. Gen. William P. Duvall, commanding the United States troops in the Philippines. He finds that the absence of the canteen is responsible for many of the offenses that bring the enlisted men to trial by court-martial.

Against the re-establishment of the canteen there may be expected a wide protest from the prohibitionists, and especially from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which counts as one of its hours of victory the time when the canteen was abolished by Congress, largely through its solicitation. And yet we would like to believe that the organiza-

tions that stand for temperance would not willingly ignore, in intemperate zeal, the weight of evidence to the effect that since the canteen has been abolished drunkenness and other offenses against order and discipline in the army have largely increased, to the hurt of the soldier himself. Testimony to that effect has been given freely by many officers of the army who can have no possible concern in the matter save interest in the good of the service and in the conduct of the men under them. And the testimony of Maj. Gen. Duvall must not be passed over lightly when he says: "The desire of a very large percentage of normal men for some sort of stimulant is a desire which such men are sure to gratify."

In no walk of life, we believe, can men be made good by legislation; not even in the army, where the life of the enlisted man is hedged about with discipline. The earnest temperance advocate will, then, take heed of the facts and the possibilities, and however much he may desire an ideal where there should be no consumption of liquor, he will recognize that to secure this by any possible prohibitory law is impossible, and he will seek by worthy compromise to gain so much of his ideal as is practicable and leave the rest to time.

The army canteen has a distinct function and it should above all be remembered by the friends of temperance—it is a great aid toward temperance. With the canteen under military supervision, liquors are sold, it is true, but they are sold under authority, and no soldier can indulge to excess. In the established canteen the soldier associates with his kind, and is not driven, as he is now, to the companionship of loafers and gamblers that throng the vile groceries which spring up just outside of army posts and in which places the soldier ruins his health, spoils his career, and is added to disarray. It is sincerely to be hoped that Congress will deem this matter of sufficient importance—especially in view of the growing number of desertions from the army—to take special testimony as to conditions before and after the canteen was abolished. If it do that, we believe, from what the officers say and from what the records show, that only the most unreasonable fanatics would oppose the re-establishment of the canteen as an instrument for good.

No one has yet had the nerve to come forward with a timely plea for a "safe and sane" New Year's Eve.

When we learn that several fashionable Boston people provided Christmas trees for their pet poodles we are more assured than ever that Boston is not a place, but a state of mind.

Let us all resolve this New Year not to look forward with too much expectancy to genuine tariff revision.

The more you lent to the Lord by giving to the poor this year the happier will be the coming year.

We do not blame New York for declining to have eggs sold by weight, considering what they recently found out about short weights and measures.

If it is true, as Dr. Wiley says, that we are all going to freeze to death some day, there is, at least, consolation in the fact that then we'll get even with the cold storage crowd.

That battle in Mexico at Tabasco was probably a hot one, and the opposing armies must have peppered each other in a more than saucy manner.

Some crank has estimated that over \$40,000,000 was spent for toys this Christmas, and if you'll ask the children you'll find it was worth it.

And another sign showing how the mighty are fallen was that none of the children's fairy-books were printed in simplified spelling.

Trust Missouri always to be in the limelight. Here she comes old sailing with a wife thirteen years old with for divorce.

The New York saloonkeepers who agreed not to give away diaries to their customers this year were probably afraid that some of them might turn over a new leaf.

There are lots of fathers who envy Santa Claus his year's rest.

It is claimed that physicians can photograph heart currents. Next thing we know, they will be taking pictures of brainstorms.

Many a man with a roll lands in the station house; but the roll is usually in his walk.

Kentucky celebrated Christmas with ten murders and twice as many lesser woundings. The result of the wrong kind of Christmas spirit.

The next president of the dental institute will be the member with the strongest pull.

## POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

From the New York American.  
When an Ohio man feels blue he goes out and gets elected President.

From the Kansas City Times.  
The quality that inspires Roosevelt his continued leadership in the United States is his righteous courage.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.  
Roosevelt and Taft may correspond, but it is to be feared Mr. Pinchot is not ready to recognize the government of the United States.

From the Toledo Blade.  
Former Vice President Fairbanks says the United States is the best governed country in the world. It is a comforting thing to find an optimist out of office.

From the Boston Globe.  
The socialist administration at Milwaukee, unable to do anything to the high cost of living, is to try to do something to the high cost of dying by starting a municipal cemetery.

From the Charleston News and Courier.  
We just want to warn Heyburn that it will be wise for him not to be on Pennsylvania avenue when Chaney Clark drives that pair of Missouri mules. Identity is one thing and mistaken identity is another.

From the Cleveland Leader.  
No other President has had Mr. Taft's opportunity to make a great and lasting impression on the United States Supreme Court. Chaney has thrown upon him the responsibility of choosing a majority of its members.

From the Baltimore Sun.  
But there is no real cause for alarm in Democratic ranks. Wise leaders have come to the front, and the ranks will look to them to pilot the party through the shoals. These leaders were mostly driven into retirement fourteen years ago, and now they are called back into service.

## HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

Senator Warner, of Missouri, on his last trip to Washington occupied a seat in the Pullman next to a young man who was about twenty years of age, and they fell into conversation. The young man did not know Senator Warner by sight and the latter did not disclose his identity, but they talked away. By and by they got on the subject of education, and the Senator's new acquaintance asked him if he held any college degrees.

"Yes, I got a degree from the University of Michigan in 1905," replied the Senator, referring to an honorary degree of LL. D. that that university awarded him. He had gone into the army, and he broke out and never actually attended college. When the honorary degree was awarded he was sixty-five years of age and had just been elected Senator.

"Got your degree in 1905, you say?" repeated the younger man, who happened to be the sort that take things pretty seriously. "Why, I finished college myself in 1902. You are a freshman when I was a senator. What do you know about that?"

Senator Warner met up with another stranger the other day. He called at the Senator's office, and when asked what his business was, he said that he merely wanted to get a good look at the Senator and see if he knew him. Just then the Senator happened to enter his outer office, and the caller spoke to him.

"Well, you've changed a good deal, but I guess so long as your name's the same you must be the same fellow," observed the stranger. "Did you get up and read the Declaration of Independence to the Union and the Confederate soldiers who were with you?"

"And I was one of the Confederate soldiers," replied the caller. "I was always remembered your name because it struck me that anybody who would think to get up on an occasion like that on his own initiative and read the Declaration of Independence to the soldiers was a man to be reckoned with." Ever since I heard you were elected Senator, nearly six years ago, I've been wanting to find out if you were the same man."

"And you're a stranger called out without pausing for another word."

Baroness Uchida, wife of Baron Yasuya Uchida, the Japanese Ambassador, was educated at Wellesley and spent some time in this country before her husband was sent here about a year ago. At a banquet in his honor shortly after his arrival in the United States, Baron Uchida, after expressing his appreciation in behalf of Japan, went on to say:

## VOTE BUYING IN OHIO.

From the Ohio State Journal.  
The war on vote selling down in Adams County is attracting attention of the whole country. It is a miserable crime—the corruption of the citizenship. It is a stab at the heart of self-government, and it is a crime that should be punished as such as anything the governor or the President has done.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.  
The reports that have been coming from Adams County, Ohio, of wholesale trafficking in votes without regard to party and where the sole requisite to an election was the distribution of money show that some of the farmers and small-town residents who are busy in selling their hightail for a mass of potash.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
The reports from Adams County, Ohio, tell of hundreds of indictments for election bribery, procuration of voters who pleaded guilty, and revelations of wholesale traffic in votes. The judge who is active in these cases is quoted as asserting that more than two-thirds of the county's sovereign citizens have for years thus treated their votes as merchandise.

From the Springfield Union.  
Adams County is practically without railroads, telegraph or newspapers. It is a backwoods county, far removed from civilization influences. A little red schoolhouse, not too regularly attended, offers the only means of acquiring knowledge. The people generally attend church, but, curiously enough, until the recent election, began to get they did not seem to realize that vote selling was reprehensible.

From the Philadelphia Record.  
It appears from recent testimony that the selling of votes has been a widespread and well-established industry in Adams County, Ohio, for fifteen years. Two-thirds of the voters are said to have been in the habit of selling their suffrages. This probably accounts for the decidedly low ratio of the vote to have been bringing of late. One person was shown to have sold his vote to one side for \$1 and to the other for 50 cents.

From the New York American.  
Political conditions are improving all the time. That is a splendid story that comes from Ohio, where more than 500 indictments for buying and selling votes have been found in Adams County. It was an invigorating spectacle when thirty-four of the richest and best known citizens of Manchester, arranged and found guilty, were promptly fined according to law and disfranchised for five years from the right of the ballot.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
It is amazing and disconcerting to find in Ohio a community so wholly lacking in conscience. Were the acts and motives of the voters in Adams County, Ohio, as true as those of the voters in the rest of the State, it would be a disgrace to the State.

From the Providence Journal.  
What is charged with having taken place in Ohio is a heinous crime in all parts of the United States. According to current stories, the suffrage is debauched every year in New England as well as elsewhere. "It is one side's bait for the 'baiter' vote," it is argued, "the other side's will." The easy money and the easy vote, it is said, is the only motive of an evil in politics, but regards it as inevitable and of little account.

From the Kansas City Star.  
In Adams County, Ohio, thousands of the voting citizens, according to the estimate of a local judge, sold their votes. When Bristow, Munroe, La Follette, and Roosevelt speak of morality in public affairs, the privilege of voting is at stake, and they are not talking about the right of the citizen to vote.

From the Milwaukee News.  
The Senate may refuse to receive that Lorimer whitewash. If it does, we will think something more of the Senate.

From the Chicago Evening Post.  
The last Illinois legislature wrote the death warrant of vote trafficking political machines as arbiters of the character or amount of legislation.

From the Springfield Republican.  
The Senate is going to perform a most patriotic service if it subject the report dealing with Senator Lorimer entitled to his seat to a most searching analysis and most harassing fire. Let them shoot that whole lot of weeds.

From the Youngstown Telegram.  
The verdict of the Senate committee in the Lorimer bribery case will not count much in the country. It is a remarkable state of affairs when evidence is passed over and the declaration is made that no taint attaches to an election because the votes of the men who confessed bribery were not necessary to elect.

From the Ohio State Journal.  
Dare the Senate tolerate Lorimer after all the publicity he has had? They know the kind of a legislature that elected Lorimer, and they know the kind of people that were supporting him, and they know what to believe about it. It is no case for splitting hairs or being too technical about evidence. The testimony of the situation is irrefutable.

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## LEADING LADIES OF ENGLISH CITIES

Between 300 and 400 ladies of England and Wales have just stepped into the light of publicity. If the light that illumines chief civic dignitaries is less fierce than that which accedes upon a throne, it is, nevertheless, sufficiently searching. The most retiring of worshipful consorts cannot help filling a position in the municipality that is both marked and closely criticised.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," writes the poet. Substitute "importance" for "greatness," and most mayors would range themselves in the last category. For, generally speaking, the first citizenesses are not of that order of society women used to a leading role, anxious for one. Least of all, are they drawn from a class that makes any bid for notoriety. So, onerous, indeed, are the duties a year of office involves that in the time elapsing between the expression of the corporation's evident wish and the date of actual election he is a wise future mayor who makes a point of consulting his wife—or, in some cases, the sister, daughter, or niece who would see the post-as-to her willingness also to be mayor.

Fortunately for the more diffident of her kind, November 9 is for the ordinary mayors fraught with no pomp of entry. She may, of course, send out invitations for a reception at an early date. Usually, though, her first definite social and official action is to call upon the wives of all aldermen and town councilors. This is a sufficiently trying start on a new career, for quite properly the constituent members of the corporation belong to widely differing worldly strata. Some will already be well known to her; others count themselves a most exclusive set; there will be worthy matrons ill at ease in gilt and alabaster drawing-rooms, and a few, perhaps, doing the honors of best parlors, and with some of them, "fronts" from distant best lairs. But, rich or poor, smart or homely, the mayors, by her tact and happy touching of their common interests, must lay them the foundation of a twelvemonth of good will.

Two sorts of duties stand out conspicuously on a mayors' list. One has relation to her position as municipal hostess; the other is concerned with the assistance expected of her in a widely diversified philanthropic sphere. Regarding the first obligation, the question, "What entertainments shall I give?" must necessarily be modified by funds at command. In leading towns it is customary for a mayoral allowance to be voted annually. A well-to-do place of, say, 50,000 inhabitants may grant 300 pounds. Rarely, in fact, hardly ever, does this cover these hostess duties, subscriptions, and the expenses of a dinner directly incurred through holding office. A fairly wealthy man will, as a rule, expend much again from private income, and yet make no dazzling show.

One grand ball, possibly two for juveniles and adults, respectively, are, as a rule, in the mayors' own special charge—not counting the school children's treats and aid people's teas, which she will have both to provide and preside over. When on ball night she gives a juvenile fancy dress function is usually her favorite. It interests the parents, besides pleasing the young people, and the subsequent series of the mayors' "at homes" in the council chamber affords a convenient opportunity for entertaining the elders.

And here, it may be remarked, that despite a more or less strict following of precedent, the individuality of the hostess has plenty of scope. On the business side, it is true that she must see that the contracts are fairly distributed to local firms; that she gets value for her money, while preserving a character for munificence. But she can ensure by incessant attention that refinement and elegance distinguish the arrangements of the caterers and florists who seek to enhance their reputations as well as to make profit through the brilliancy of the town ball.

The unavoidable heterogeneity of municipal gatherings must always require careful treatment. A tactful woman, however, overcomes the stiffness apt to consequently to mar a civic event by many thoughtful devices. Such, for instance, as the supplementing of the conventional buffet by numerous small tables, where a acquaintance can chat if they will, and the enrollment of a band of her young ladies ready to give those little attentions which a much occupied hostess and hired help can scarcely provide.

Among the possibilities of the mayoral social horizon, royal visits usually loom large. The past civic year, overshadowed by the last several months have been by national bereavement, has naturally not been prolific in these. When a reigning sovereign or an exalted personage closely connected with the crown reception parties of the most elaborate character, as the representative of towns-women. Under such circumstances, it is prudent to be boisterous concerning matters of etiquette and deportment. In the case of royal or serene highnesses, less in state than as charitable patrons, the mayors are merely the first lady introduced, though those present will probably look to take their own cue from her as to the depth of curtsy, general rising on entrance, and the piloting of the distinguished party round the hall.

Philanthropically, a mayors' duties are still more extensive. Nearly every committee of a flower show, baby show, bazaar, or what-not, expects her to open it—especially the bazaar. These last are certainly in the nature of an ordeal to any one who has perhaps never been the central figure in a civic event, and never uttered the briefest public speech. "I have much pleasure in declaring this bazaar open" is the minimum speech, but she who desires to be popular and to keep the object in view can scarcely stop there. Some sentences of sympathy and congratulation must be prepared, and then with dozens of people ensues—accompanied by purchases—the tactful chat.

A prize-giving is the greatest strain on the physical strength, which the constant journeying hither and thither, responsibility, anxiety, and an enormously increased correspondence considerably taxes.

In some ways the yoke gets easier as the mayoral term expires. "One begins to get used to the sound of one's own voice," is the verdict of a popular outgoing mayors, "and it becomes second nature to do the right thing."

And to a woman who feels pride and interest in her town there is a distinct sense of privilege in wearing the mayors' badge. This civic jewel, about which exists much confusion of ideas, has no defined regulation as to its fashion and form. It may be like a lesser mayoral chain, a pendant, or medallion. It almost invariably approximates in style to the civic chain and bears the civic arms. When its temporary owner returns to private life the general custom is for this badge to accrue to the ex-mayor, who henceforward wears it on a ribbon at municipal ceremonies. The ex-mayors is consoled by the presentation of a smaller replica that can be similarly donned.

"While the badges is a pleasing memento," concludes her sketch yesterday, "best of all are the friends who make in a year of such busy social intercourse, and who remain after the term of office is over and done." FLANKER.

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## VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

## Acquired Knowledge and a Wife.

Every young German of any standing at all these days does not consider his education complete unless he has made a visit to this country to observe and learn of the manner of the hustling American. Herr Osthoff, a wealthy financier and manufacturer of Bielefeld, Germany, entertained these self-same views, and forthwith sent his son, Albert Osthoff, to the "land of unlimited opportunities" to study the banking system of the shrewd Yankee. The son obeyed the father, and took steamer from New York, where, upon arrival, he promptly entered the offices of a prominent Wall Street firm, and said that a great deal before young Osthoff discovered that he could improve on his opportunities by expanding his investigations along other lines, which he did. Finding that the American girl is most attractive and beautiful, he decided he would make one of them his wife. He courted and won, and the lovers were married on Christmas Eve. Mr. and Mrs. Osthoff are now at the Shoreham, enjoying their honeymoon. Papa Osthoff sent a cable to Albert informing him that a fine position had been secured for him in Germany, and to return at once. Knowing of the engagement of his son to an American girl, the father said in his cable, "Get married at once and come home." The son obeyed and got married and is on his way home, taking his American wife with him.

"The American banking system is considered the best by German bankers," said Herr Osthoff, "and I fully believe that it will be adopted and introduced in German banking houses by and by. Unless the young German of to-day who has adopted a commercial, industrial or agricultural career makes a comprehensive tour of the United States, his education is not regarded finished."